SHAKESPEARE'S
TWILIGHTS

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SHAKESPEARE'S TWILIGHTS

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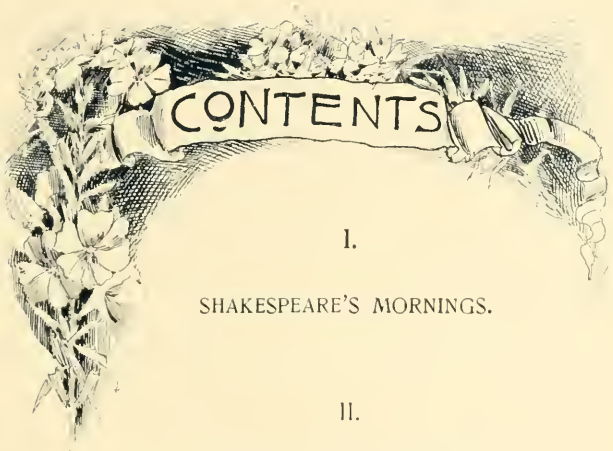

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SHAKESPEARE'S
MORNINGS.

For look, the unfolding star calls up the shepherd.

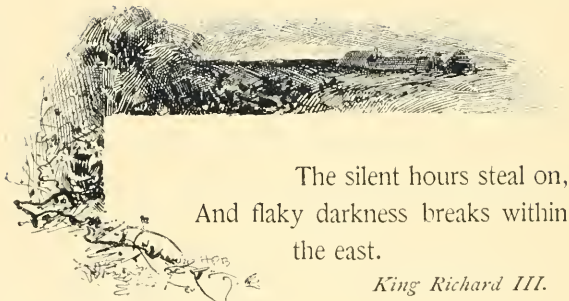
Measure for Measure.

The hour before the heavenly-harness'd team
Begins his golden progress in the east.

King Henry IV.

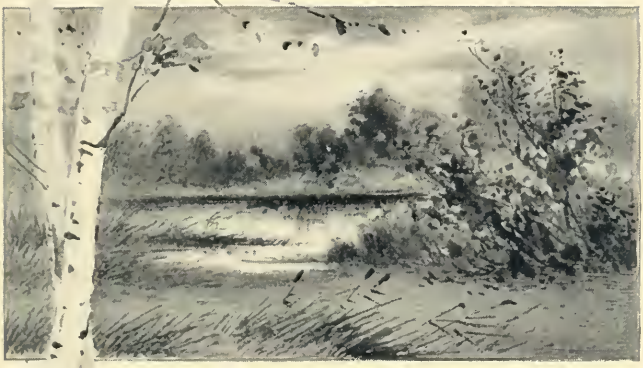
— Yon lines
That fret the clouds are messengers of day.

Julius Cæsar.



The silent hours steal on,
And flaky darkness breaks within
the east.

King Richard III.



This battle fares like to the morning's war,
When dying clouds contend with growing light,
What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
Can neither call it perfect day nor night.

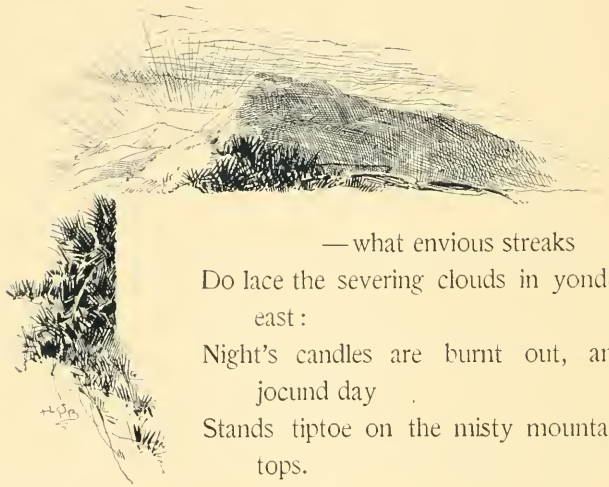
King Henry VI.

And when the morning sun shall raise his car
Above the border of this horizon,—

King Henry VI.

Even as the sun with purple-colour'd face
Had ta'en his last leave of the weeping morn,—

Venus and Adonis.

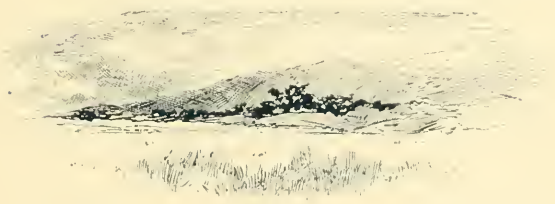


—what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east:
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.

Romeo and Juliet.

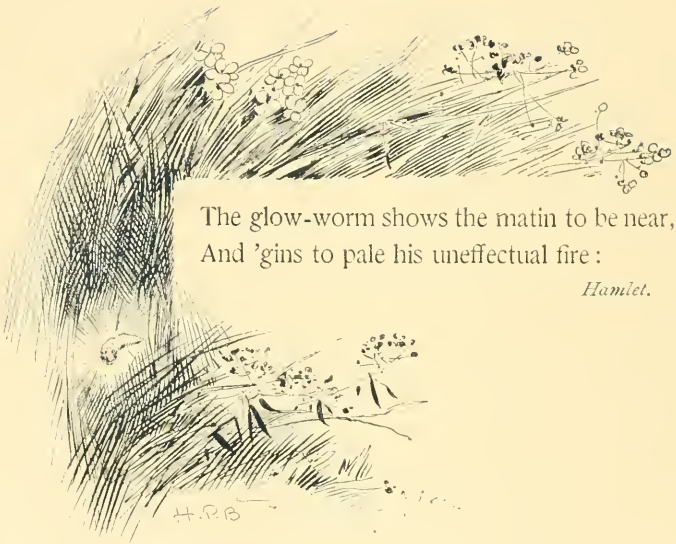
How bloodily the sun begins to peer
Above yon busky hill! the day looks pale
At his distemperature.
The southern wind
Doth play a trumpet to his purposes,
And by his hollow whistling in the leaves
Foretells a tempest and a blustering day.

King Henry IV.



The grey-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night,
Chequering the eastern clouds with streaks of light,
And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels
From forth day's path and Titan's fiery wheels;

Romeo and Juliet.

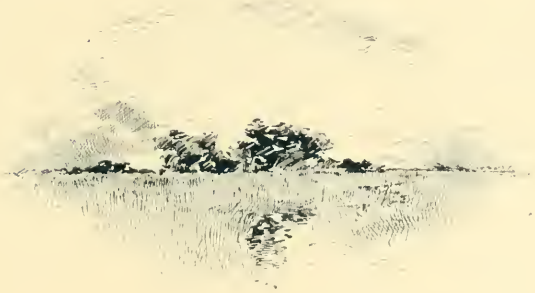


The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire :

Hamlet.

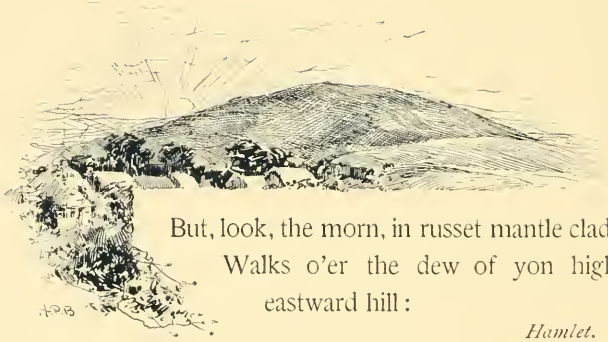
See how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun!
How well resembles it the prime of youth,
Trimm'd like a younker prancing to his love!

King Henry VI.



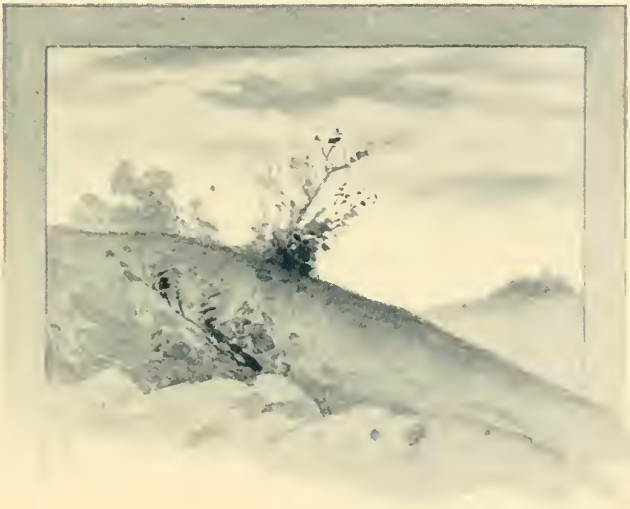
Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy;

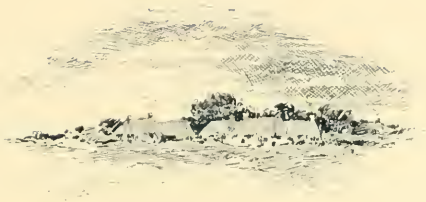
Sonnets.



But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastward hill:

Hamlet.





— and look, the gentle day,
Before the wheels of Phœbus, round about
Dapples the drowsy east with spots of grey.

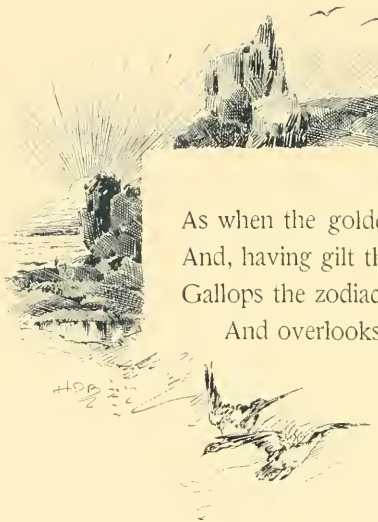
Much Ado about Nothing.

For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger;

A Midsummer Night's Dream.

— the worshipp'd sun
Peer'd forth the golden window of the east.

Romeo and Juliet.



As when the golden sun salutes the morn,
And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,
Gallops the zodiac in his glistering coach,
And overlooks the highest-peering hills;

Titus Andronicus.

Lo, here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast
The sun ariseth in his majesty;
Who doth the world so gloriously behold
That cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold.

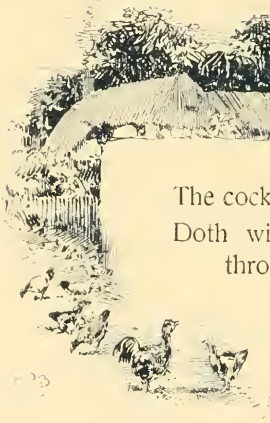
Venus and Adonis.

The day begins to break, and night is fled,
Whose pitchy mantle over-veil'd the earth.

King Henry VI.

The early village-cock
Hath twice done salutation to the morn;

King Richard III.



The cock, that is the trumpet of the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the god of day:

Hamlet.

SHAKESPEARE'S
SUNSETS.

Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with platines of bright gold:
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins;
Such harmony is in immortal souls;

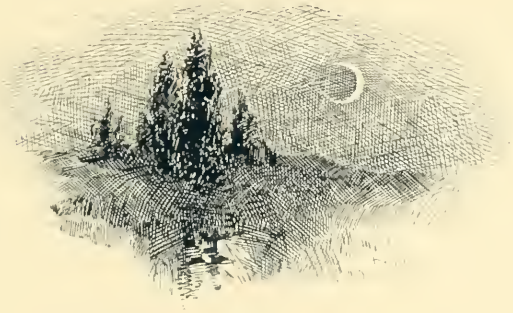
The Merchant of Venice.

The sun begins to gild the western sky.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona.

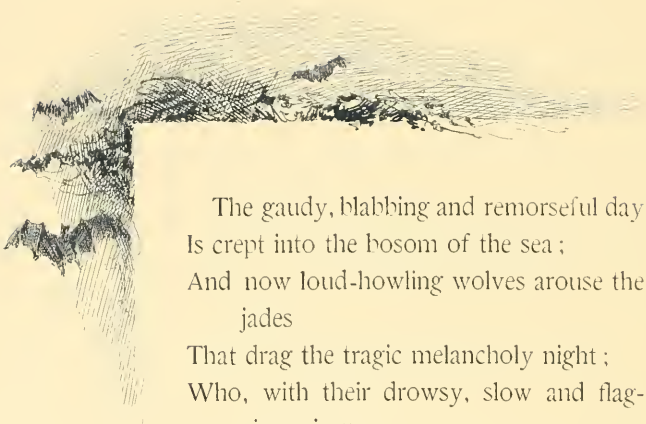
Look, the world's comforter, with weary gait,
His day's hot task hath ended in the west;

Venus and Adonis.



'Tis sable Night, mother of Dread and Fear,
Upon the world dim darkness doth display,
And in her vaulty prison stows the Day.

Sonnets.



The gaudy, blabbing and remorseful day
Is crept into the bosom of the sea;
And now loud-howling wolves arouse the jades
That drag the tragic melancholy night;
Who, with their drowsy, slow and flagging wings,
Clip dead men's graves and from their misty jaws
Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air.

King Henry VI.

To solemnize this day the glorious sun
Stays in his course and plays the alchemist,
Turning with splendour of his precious eye
The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold:

King John.

The weary sun hath made a golden set,
And, by the bright track of his fiery car
Gives signal of a goodly day to-morrow.

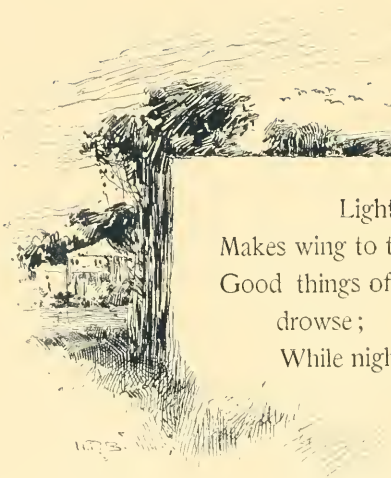
King Richard III.

But even this night, whose black contagious breath
Already smokes about the burning crest
Of the old, feeble and day-wearied sun:

King John.

The sun of heaven methought was loath to set,
But stay'd and made the western welkin blush.

King John.



Light thickens; and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood:
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse;
While night's black agents to their preys do rouse.

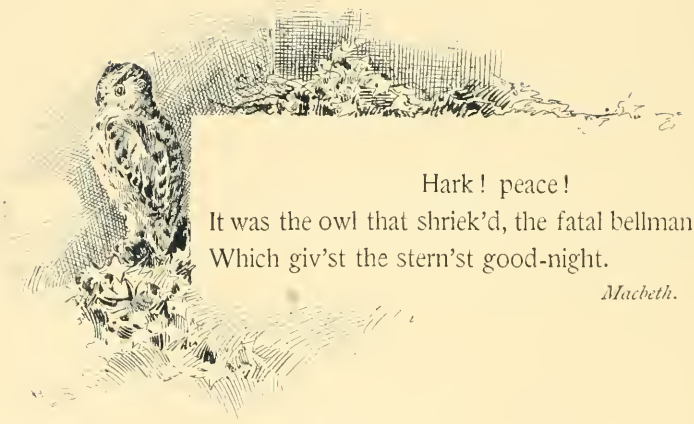
Macbeth.

Look how the sun begins to set;
How ugly night comes breathing at his heels:
Even with the vail and darking of the sun.

Troilus and Cressida.

The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the earth.

Troilus and Cressida.

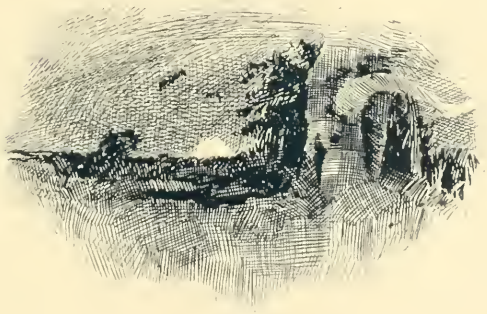


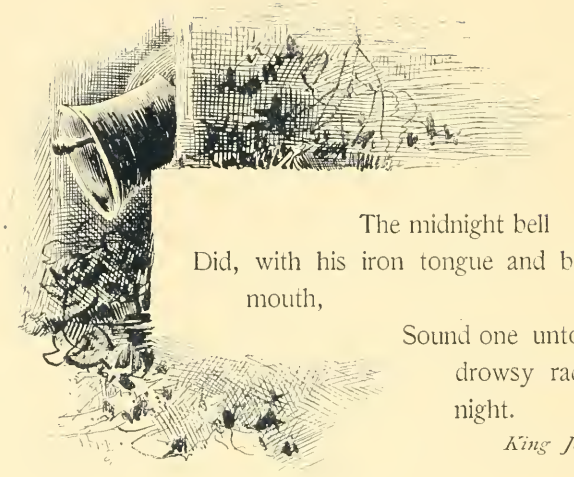
Hark! peace!
It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,
Which giv'st the stern'st good-night.

Macbeth.

Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The ear more quick of apprehension makes;
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
It pays the hearing double recompense.

A Midsummer Night's Dream.





The midnight bell
Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
Sound one unto the drowsy race of night.

King John.

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